

## MORGAN'S TRICKS.

The Confederate General in His Raid on Old Kentucky.

### ELLSWORTH HIS OPERATOR.

Tapping the Wires and Exchanging Messages With Union Generals—Setting Everybody by the Ear and Successfully Raiding the State—Morgan to Prentice, Dunlop and Boyle—Always in Terror of Him.

A most high-handed, and mischievous, and in some aspects also ludicrous, appropriation of an enemy's telegraph lines was recalled at a chance meeting of several veteran soldiers and war telegraphers at Louisville recently. One of the operators present had forwarded this characteristic despatch from the White House to the headquarters of the army at Corinth:

"Washington, July 13, 1862.  
"Major-General Halleck,  
"Corinth, Miss.  
"They are having a stampede in Kentucky. Please look to it."  
"A. LINCOLN."

Another one had passed along the following from the headquarters of Gen. J. Boyle, commanding the Federal forces in Kentucky, to the War Department at Washington:

"Headquarters, U. S. A.,  
"Louisville, July 13, 1862,  
"Hon. E. M. Stanton,  
"Secretary of War:  
"The Confederates undoubtedly have control of telegraph all around us. There is great danger in Kentucky."  
"J. T. BOYLE,  
"Brigadier-General."

This sudden uproar and alarm in Northern camps and councils was caused by Morgan, the Southern raider, then out on his first wild ride across the border. His errand seemed to be none other than to bring about the state of panic indicated in the despatches of President Lincoln and General Boyle. At the head of a small mounted column the intrepid Kentuckian rode at will for more than a week within the Federal lines and got away without being forced into a single battle, all through the manipulation of the wires by a clever hand.

When starting on this raid, Morgan summoned to his side as a scientific ally, George A. Ellsworth, an expert operator, and a joker and dare-devil at the same time, as will be seen from his full story, here published for the first time:

"On July 10, 1862," says Ellsworth, "General Morgan, with a body-guard of 15 men and myself, arrived at a point near Glasgow, Ky., on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, where I took down the telegraph lines and connected my pocket instrument, for the purpose of taking off all despatches that passed through. Louisville immediately called Nashville, and I answered for Nashville, receiving business for two hours. It could be plainly seen by the tenor of the messages that Morgan was known to be in the country, and all orders to send money and other valuables by railroad were countermanded. Louisville also sent the news of the day, and thus we were furnished with New York and Washington despatches of that day. During the whole of the time it was raining heavily and my situation was anything but an agreeable one, sitting in mud and water up to my knees.

"At 11 P. M. the general, being satisfied that I had drained Louisville of all the news, concluded to close for the night, and gave me this bogus message to send:

"Headquarters, U. S. Provost-Marshal,  
"Nashville, Tenn., July 10, 1862.  
"Henry Dent, U. S. Provost-Marshal,  
"Louisville:  
"General Forrest attacked Murfreesboro, routing our forces, and is now moving on Nashville. Morgan is reported to be between Scottsville and Gallatin, in Tennessee, and will act in concert with Forrest, it is believed."

"Stanley Matthews,  
"Provost-Marshal."  
"Forrest did attack Murfreesboro and rout the enemy, but Morgan was many a day's ride from the scene. The next day but one we reached Lebanon, and I rode with the advance guard into the town and took possession of the office immediately. It was 3.30 in the morning. I adjusted the instrument, and examined the line appeared to be on hand so early. Among the despatches of the day previous I found one that had been sent from the Federal commander at Lebanon, who surrendered to Morgan, Col. A. Y. Johnson, addressed to General Boyle, the Federal commander of the State at Louisville. It read:

"I have positive information that there are 400 Confederate marauders within 20 miles of this place, on the old Lexington road, approaching Lebanon. Send reinforcements immediately."

"Later I intercepted a despatch from General Boyle to Colonel Johnson, prisoner in Morgan's hands, stating that a regiment had been ordered to his assistance. Acting upon that timely notice, Morgan sent out a company of Texas Rangers and destroyed the bridge on the Lebanon branch, preventing the arrival of the Federal troops.

"Early in the morning an operator signing Z commenced calling B, which I had ascertained was the signal for the Lebanon office, where I was at the key. I answered the call, and a very interesting conversation we had.

"Z asked: 'What news? Any more skirmishing after your last message?'"  
"No, I answered. 'We drove what little cavalry there was away.'"

"Has the train arrived yet?"  
"No. About how many troops are on train?"

"About five hundred."

"My curiosity was then to know at what station Z was and how far away the train with the 500 enemies was. I began to gossip with Z, and finally said to him:

"A gentleman here in the office bet me a cigar that you can not spell the name of your station correctly."

"Take the bet. Lebanon Junction."

"How did he think I would spell it?"

"He thought you would put two b's in Lebanon."

"Ha, ha! He's a green one."

"Yes; that's so."

"What time did the train with the soldiers pass?" I inquired.

"At 8.30 last night."

"Very singular where the train is."

"Yes; let me know when it arrives."

"We cut off for a while, and an hour later Z called me up and said that the train had returned to Lebanon Junction after a skirmish with the force Morgan sent to head it off. In a few minutes the same operator, whose office was a repeating one for Louisville business, sent into my ear a despatch from General Boyle to the captive Colonel Johnson, to make no delay in driving Morgan out of the country. Still another vigorous despatch in the same tenor was wired to a Colonel Owen, who was en route somewhere to head off Morgan near Lebanon. Morgan then decided to leave, and in order to allay suspicion in the mind of Z, at the Junction, I wired him that I was tired out and must have a long nap.

"All right; don't oversleep yourself," said he.

"We rode on to Midway, on the Louisville and Lexington railroad, and reached there before noon. I surprised the operator, who was sitting on the platform of the station, little suspecting that Morgan was in his vicinity. I asked him to call Lexington and get the time of day. I wanted to see his style of handling the key. He did so, and confirmed an impression I had drawn from the fact that there was a paper in the instrument. To use a telegraphic phrase, he was a 'plug operator,' and adopting his style of writing, I commenced operations. In the office I found a signal book very valuable to me. It contained the calls for all stations on the line. Despatch after despatch was going to and from Lexington, Georgetown, Paris, and Frankfort, every one containing some reference to Morgan. I tested the line, and found by applying my ground wire it made no difference with the circuit, and as Lexington was headquarters, I cut Frankfort off. I should have stated that on commencing operations I discovered two wires on the railroad. One was a through wire direct from Lexington to Frankfort, not entering the way offices. All military business was sent over that wire, and as it did not enter the Midway office, I had the line cut, thus forcing Lexington business on the wire that did come into the office. Midway was called, and I answered, when I received a message from some one signing himself, 'Taylor, Conductor.' It was addressed to operator Woolums, of Midway, who was then my prisoner and alongside of me. Taylor asked: 'Will there be any danger in coming to Midway? Is everything right? Woolums admitted to me that Taylor was a conductor on the line, and I reported the facts to Morgan. He told me to wire Taylor, who was holding his train at Lexington, that it was all right, to come on with his train. I added, 'No sign of Morgan here,' and signed the despatch, 'Woolums, operator.' Morgan made ready to give Taylor's train a warm reception, but it got timely warning and turned back.

"Soon the Lexington office called Frankfort and sent into my ear the military secrets of our then nearest neighbor, General Ward, whom General Boyle was stirring up to drive Morgan out. Ward was at Lexington, and wired his subordinate at Frankfort, General Fennell, at some length. Said he:

"I wish you to move the forces at Frankfort on the line of the Lexington railroad immediately, and have the cars follow and take them up as soon as possible. Further orders will await them at Midway. I will, in three or four hours, move forward on the Georgetown road. Will have most of my men mounted. Morgan left Versailles this morning at 8 o'clock with 800 men, on the Midway road, moving in the direction of Georgetown."

"Our position and intentions being known exactly in the enemy's camp, Morgan directed me to send a despatch that would throw General Ward on another track. Dating the message at Midway, and signing the name of Woolums, the operator, I rushed this startling information to General Ward of Lexington:

"Morgan, with 1,000 men, came within a mile of here and took the old Frankfort road, as we suppose. This is reliable."

"In about ten minutes Lexington again called Frankfort, and I answered the call. It was our old friend, General Ward, talking to General Fennell. He repeated to his subordinate my bogus despatch about Morgan and his 1,000 men; was reliable; hence the regiment ordered from Frankfort to Midway, in his first despatch, had better be recalled. I rechecked for this message in the name of Frankfort, and manufactured a message to confirm the original false news sent to General Ward. I then waited till the circuit was occupied and broke in excitedly, telling those at the keys that I must have the wires, and called Lexington.

"Lexington answered with as much spirit as I called, and I said:

"Tell General Ward our pickets just driven in. Great excitement. Pickets say force of the enemy must be 2,000."

"Frankfort."

"Morgan had decided to be off at once for Georgetown. I ran a secret ground connection, and opened the circuit on the Lexington end. This was a hint to Lexington that the Frankfort operator had skeddaddled or that Morgan had destroyed the wires. We galloped on to Georgetown. I went at once to the telegraph office, and found the operator with his instrument removed. He said that he had sent them down and that he had sent them to Lexington. I immediately tested the line by applying my tongue to the wires and found it O. K. Calling a guard, I turned the operator over to their mercy. Then I put in my instrument, and, after listening to the Yankees talking their secrets for an hour or two, I broke in on the conversation, signing myself 'Federal operator,' as I had done before, with success. The game was becoming fascinating. All the despatches of importance taken off by me or sent out were copied in duplicate for my own and General Morgan's files, and I can quote them in full. I first opened on Lexington, and said to the operator:

"Keep mum. I am in the office reading by the sound of my magnet, in the dark. I crawled in when no one saw me. Morgan's men are here."

"Georgetown."

"Then Georgetown and Lexington talked, until Cincinnati broke in:

"To Georgetown: Keep cool; don't be discovered. About how many of Morgan's men are there?"

"Lexington."

"To Lexington: I don't know. I did not notice, as Morgan's operator was asking me about my instruments. I told him I had sent them to Lexington. He said, 'D—n the luck,' and went out."

"Georgetown."

"To Georgetown: Be on hand and keep us posted."

"Lexington."

"To Lexington: I will do so. Tell General Ward I will stay up all night if he wishes."

"Georgetown."

"Cincinnati then took the circuit and asked if there were any Confederates at Georgetown. I answered:

"Yes; Morgan is here."

"Georgetown."

"How can you be in the office and not be arrested?"

"Oh, I am in the dark reading by sound of the magnet."

"Georgetown."

"Question after question was asked me, and I answered to suit myself. Finally Lexington asked me where my assistant was. 'Don't know,' I replied. He then asked, 'Have you seen him today?'"

"I answered, 'No.' Well, from that moment on I could do no telegraphing in the beautiful city of Georgetown, a fact that galled my professional dignity. As a means of getting even with the fraternity, who evidently had detected me, I sent out an order to the operators on the line, word for word, as follows:

"General Order No. 1.  
"Headquarters Telegraph Dept.,  
"Kentucky, C. S. A.  
"Georgetown, Ky., July 16, 1862.  
"When an operator is positively informed that the enemy is marching on his station, he will immediately proceed to destroy the telegraph instruments and all material in his charge. Such instances of carelessness as exhibited on the part of the operators at Lebanon, Midway, and Georgetown will be severely dealt with."

"G. A. Ellsworth,  
"General Military Supt. C. S. Telegraph."

"Before sending this despatch I had raked the Georgetown instruments out from under a bed in a little room adjoining the station. At Cincinnati and Paris, I found the wires out of order, and could do nothing. At Crab Orchard, where there was no telegraph office, I put my pocket magnet on, and at once took off a message from General Boyle, Louisville, to Colonel Woolford, Danville. Boyle said to Woolford:

"Pursue Morgan. He is at Crab Orchard, going to Somerset."

"No sooner had the Danville operator received for this than the operator at Lebanon made a suggestion for the repeating office at Lebanon Junction to send over the line. Said he:

"Would it not be well for Danville and offices below here to put on their ground wires when they receive or send important messages, as Ellsworth, Morgan's operator, may be on the line?"

"The idea was agreed to, but Morgan had no further use for the stolen through messages. We made our last halt that evening at Somerset. I soon got the office in working order, and the operator at Stanford called. He asked if there were any signs of Morgan at Somerset and I answered, signing the name 'Somerset,' that there were no signs of him. The operator then gave me a word of caution about Morgan, and I took the chance to ask when Colonel Woolford's force would be at Crab Orchard, as ordered by General Boyle in the message I had taken off at Crab Orchard that morning. He said that Woolford had wired to Boyle that his force was not able to cope with Morgan. Morgan then prepared, and I sent out messages purporting to come from General Boyle, countermanding all orders given for our pursuit.

"As we were about closing our operations to start on a long ride homeward for Tennessee, I concluded to take a night's rest, and told the Stanford operator that I was going to bed, but had arranged with the pickets to wake me in case Morgan came in. Next morning I was out early, and informed the Stanford man that Morgan had not yet appeared. Meanwhile everything in the town belonging to the United States Government was going up in smoke, fired by the torches of our band. As a parting salute to his enemy, who hadn't had sight of him on all this bold raid, and greeting to a couple of old personal friends, Morgan dictated the last messages I had the pleasure of sending over Northern wires to Northern ears. I give them in full.

"Somerset, Ky., July 22, 1862.  
"George D. Prentice, Louisville, Ky.:  
"Good morning, George D. I am quietly watching the complete destruction of all of Uncle Sam's property in this little burg. I exceedingly regret that it is the last that comes under my supervision on this route. I expect in a short time to pay you a visit, and wish to know if you will be at home. All well in Dixie. J. H. Morgan."

"Somerset, Ky., July 22, 1862.  
"Hon. George Dunlap, M. C., Washington, D. C.:  
"Just completed my tour through Kentucky. Captured 16 cities; destroyed millions of dollars' worth of United States property. Passed through your country, but regret not seeing you. We paroled 1,500 Federal prisoners."

"Your old friend,  
"JOHN H. MORGAN."

"Somerset, Ky., July 22, 1862.  
"Gen. J. T. Boyle, U. S. A., Louisville, Ky.:  
"Good morning, Jerry! This telegraph is a great institution. You should destroy it, as it keeps me too well posted. My friend Ellsworth has all of your despatches since July 10th on file. Do you wish copies?"

"JOHN H. MORGAN."

## DR. JACOB F. RAUB

The Man Who Knocks Out the Soldiers' Claims

### BY ORDER OF EVANS.

His Record as a Physician Taken from the Medical Science Monthly—President Roosevelt Will Read This Chapter of Pension Bureau Literature With Profit to Old Soldiers Who Have Been Robbed of Their Pensions.

Just previous to the late encampment at Cleveland, Ohio, The Globe received the accompanying article in leaflet form, taken from The Medical Science Monthly. The Post selected extracts from the copies it received and sugar-coated them with the statements of Dr. Jacob F. Raub. These answers were very indefinite, unsatisfactory, and insufficient. They did not cover the matter in The Medical Science Monthly. Now that President Roosevelt is at the helm, The Sunday Morning Globe respectfully directs his excellency's attention to the following article and begs that he will require an answer from or the scalp of this Jacob F. Raub, who is the obedient tool of Commissioner Evans, the enemy of all old soldiers who dare to ask for the pensions and the money due them and allowed by the Congress of the United States.

Here is the article, Mr. President: "One of the most remarkable medical reports that we have ever read now lies upon our table. It is the last report of the chief of the Medical Division of the Pension Office at Washington, D. C., to his superior officer, the Commissioner of Pensions. It is evident that the Commissioner of Pensions must have infinite faith in his chief medical officer and his professional attainments, else he would not have permitted this part of his otherwise valuable report to go before the public. In brief, this report is in effect as follows:

"I find that the best medical examiners I have are those who never had any practice in their profession but have a thorough training in medical schools, and although without any experience in practice have kept themselves fully posted in medicine. I have had these men promoted and assigned to places in my division to supervise the work of those who have had experience in the practice of their profession."

"Now, we had supposed, in common with the medical fraternity of the United States, that the medical board of pension examiners at Washington was composed wholly of men of skill, education and experience in their profession, while the chief of all, or the medical referee, was one who had attained distinction in his profession, and had signally displayed in some manner a degree of superiority over his fellows. In the settlement of disputed questions, and to the degree of disability and the equitable money rate due the soldier for the wounds and diseases incurred in the service of his country, the man of experience is better qualified for casting judgment than the novitiate. To state otherwise is medical heterodoxy. But who is this great medical chief that makes a medical paradox of his report? It is an old saying that 'birds of a feather flock together,' and we are sorry to say, upon examination of the history and antecedents of Jacob F. Raub, the chief in question, that although he has the title of M. D. after his name, he was not professionally entitled to it when he received it, as the following history will show.

"As a boy, in 1862, Jacob F. Raub enlisted in a nine-months' regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers. In the winter of 1863-4 we find him matriculated at the Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia. He was at Jefferson College, therefore, only a few months, hardly enough time to learn even the rudiments of medicine. In the summer of 1864 we find him graduated at the Long Island College Hospital, Brooklyn, N. Y., a medical school then about established, which gave a summer course of lectures, and on the books of that summer college we find it stated that said Raub received his medical education at the Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia."

"This was, no doubt, Raub's statement. His whole curriculum of study was only a few months at best, whereas it was the professional law in 1864 that no one should receive the title of M. D. without three years of preliminary study. For the sake of suffering humanity, the professional time of study is now fixed at four years in every respectable school of medical learning.

"To-day, and it was the same 30 and 50 years ago, the man who by sharp practice obtained the title M. D. was classified as an imposter in medicine. This is founded on the fact that unless a young man between the ages of 20 and 25 is grounded in all the protean studies that pertain to medicine; in the schools, in the dissecting room, in the laboratory, and at the clinic, he never learns them in practice. No educated physician could sign his name to a report like this one before us. He would know better. It would seem that a man should pick up some additional medical knowledge since he obtained his sharp-practice diploma in 1864, but this report of Jacob F. Raub shows that he has not.

"With this diploma in hand in 1864, Jacob F. Raub managed to get himself appointed assistant surgeon in a Pennsylvania regiment. Will anyone believe that Mr. Raub at this time, by practical knowledge, knew by sight the difference between an artery and a nerve? And could he separate them in the ligature of an artery, which was his duty when his chief amputated a limb? Hundreds of stumps, on living heroes of our wars, giving the owners thereof inexpressible agony through life, attest the malpractice of the surgeons.

"After the war we find Jacob F. Raub at an eye school learning to be an oculist specialist. All the organs of the human body are so intimately connected, anatomically speaking, that a man can not be a specialist of any

one organ without a complete knowledge of all. This is a self-evident axiom. Jacob F. Raub may be something of an 'eye doctor' but he never can become an oculist.

"Our advices from Washington state that the local organization of the G. A. R. was the influence that caused the appointment of Jacob F. Raub, four years ago, to the responsible place of medical referee, not doubting at the time his fitness for the place. To-day he is considered the worst enemy that the old soldier has in any Department at Washington. In the interest of justice and humanity he should be ousted from his position for many reasons, the principal of which is as follows:

With 40,000, nearly, of the veterans of the Civil War dying yearly, it seems to us that \$140,000,000 annually voted by a generous Government is more than ample to meet the urgent demands of the survivors of all our wars. But it seems that the faultfinding, so general amongst our veterans, arises from the fact that this bounty is unequally distributed. The medical referee of the Pension Office, with the assistance of those who never had any practice in their profession, is the rate fixer for each individual. How often has it come to our knowledge that a large rate of pension, monthly, is granted to one person, and the smallest amount or nothing at all is granted to another perhaps equally deserving. For example, it is stated that the present medical referee, in perfect health, in addition to his large salary, draws also a grade pension of \$30 a month, and it is on record that in the past four years he has personally refused the pittance of \$6 a month to more than a quarter of a million of sick and needy veterans.

Our Motto is "CLEANLINESS."

Haight's Enterprise Dairy Lunch.

1012 E Street N. W.

OUR SPECIALTY: Good coffee and Griddle Cakes of all Kinds Baked in the Window.

Special 10 cent Breakfast and Lunch Served from 6 a. m. to 2 p. m.

National Plantation 5-cent Cigar.

NATHAN SICKLE, 1011 PENN. AVE.

Silver Creek Pure Rye

At All Bars.

THE ALBION

Cor. 11th and E N. W.

Meals for 15 and 25 Cents That Have No Equals

J. M. Wilson,

Fine Watch, Clock and Jewelry Repairing, etc.

All Work Warranted One Year.

820 1-2 Ninth St. N. W.

Madam D. Dion,

French Dyeing and Cleaning Establishment.

Ostrich Feathers and Feather Boas Repaired and Curled. Lace Curtains Done Up Equal to New.

1218 G Street Northwest.

The Evening Star

Shaving Parlor,

432 Eleventh St. N. W.

Phone East 23-A.

J. F. HUTH,

Eclipse Dyeing and Cleaning Works,

615 Penn. Ave. S. E.

Miss Ora L. Field

Has returned to City

Massage and Magnetic Treatment 1212 H St. N. W.

## FIRST CLASS FISHING RESORT

And Meals at Moderate prices at

Geo. SULLIVAN

River View, Conn. Road.

Furnaces. Ranges. J. T. DOYLE, Tinning and Heating.

Shop: 610 11th Street N. W. Residence: 1207 9th Street N. W. Phone Main 1875-3.

Guttering. Spouting.

WINDOW SCREENS.

We have the only thoroughly equipped shop in the city for making window screens.

Novelty Turning and Scroll Sawing Works

Is 1010 C Street Northwest.

Bun Bryan's Buffet.

CHOICE WINES, LIQUORS, CIGARS

102 First Street Northwest, WASHINGTON, D. C.

JOHN SIMMONS' Sale and Exchange Stables

First-class Driving and Working Horses Always on Hand.

Stock Guaranteed as Represented or Money Refunded.

1204 Ohio Avenue, Near Corner 12th St. Phone 2119-2.

All Carpets Fully Insured Against Loss or Damage by Fire.

Albert Kahlert & Co., The Improved Steam Carpet Cleaning Co.

352 B Street S. W. Telephone 2036.

Washington's most famous Whiskey

BARCLAY (Registered.) Pure Old Rye Whiskey

\$1 per quart; 50 cents per pint. All goods delivered.

Sold by TOBIAS BUSH, Sole Distributor

881 Seventh St. N. W., Washington, D. C. Telephone Main 512-5

J. C. SINCLAIR, GENERAL AUCTIONEER

Auction, Storage and Commission, 638 Louisiana Ave., N. W. We Sell Everything. See us if you want to Buy or Sell.

THE WILLOWS

WISCONSIN AVENUE EXTENDED. Coolest place in District. Everything in season. Prompt service.

KARL HEURICH, Proprietor.

"Never Closed." Herrmann's

Surpassing Coffee, Quick Lunches

905 F St. Under Masonic Temple.

FERD A. HERRMANN, Proprietor.

W. D. CASTLE, 1218 H St. N. W.

Furnaces, Stoves, Ranges, ROOFING, SPOUTING, ETC. All Repairing Given Prompt Attention.

HABLE HE CUTS THE RATES

Buy and sell your railroad tickets at Hable's Ticket Office, National Hotel And save from \$1 to \$5. Member of the American Ticket Brokers' Association. Phone E 33 A.

W. H. FISHER, Dyer and Cleaner

709 Ninth St. N. W. 1407 14th St. N. W. Ladies Dresses and Laces at Reasonable Prices. Telephone 1152.

Reinhardt's Rebuilding Sale.

Cor. 7th and Sts. N. W.